



The Daughter



what i...had....done to...then.....my.....parents

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Chapter 1 by Gizmo

I needed to find them(my parents)The thought made me tremble. What if they killed them. I pushed the thought away. No, they can't be. I got up off the cot and walked out of the room past Justin. Everything we've been through it was tough. Not only for me but for him too, his parents were murdered in front of his own eyes. Sadness grew. The longest we stay the more of a chance they could be dead. I couldn't sit here and act like my parents aren't being tortured. ITS ALL YOUR FAULT my mind screamed. What's wrong.....pull yourself together you have to find them even if it's the last thing you did. I couldn't help look back at Justin who seemed peaceful.....almost happy. The word blew my mind HAPPY. I haven't felt that way since my tenth birthday but then I think that that was the day they left(got stolen)Just looking at Justine made me feel warm as if someone was there and wasn't going anywhere. He woke up about 30 minutes with major bed head. But no matter what you couldn't help but to smile at his friendly look.

"Good morning lovely," he said as he came up behind me and gave me a quick hug than a glance like he never wanted to lose me again.

I didn't know how to tell him the rest of the story other than my parents were captured. He

placed his fingers through mine and kissed the top of my fingers. I love you he whispered almost so quiet I almost missed it. I live you said. I love you. He let go sending a cold loneliness into the air, but it was something I had to manage. He went into the restroom and I walked into the white room. I had prepared for him. He walked out with his short hair in shiny horn lock. He followed me into the white room.

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that was empty. I stuck a wire on the back of my head and did the same to him. It was time, he had known what I did. The machine was called the PDD As in the Programmer Dream Division. They created it to read your thoughts and it was time, he knew what kind of master he was dating, who my parents were, where they were, what they were doing to them, what I was doing about it and why there were there in the first place.

It went black and then there they were the king and queen who made this world so shitty. The one who called them out the public and showed her what she could do, that got them captured.... Their own daughter.

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